Our Young Folks' Department.

"Childhood often holds a truth in its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, and which it is the pride of utmost age to recover. '-- RUSKIN.

"Children generally hate to be idle; all the care is then that their busy humor should be constantly emyloged in something of use to them. '--- LOCKE.



from Sheffield; he looked so terrible

"He frightened all-cats, dogs, and all;

For fear they did flee, for they took him

Then what a rush there was to see the

fight! Some clambered on the top of walls

and houses; others got into the trees to see how this brave man, alone and un-

armed, would conquer the dragon.

Moore of Moore Hall knew that the

strongest did not always win, and that a little extra cunning would often gain a

There was a well near at hand, where

the dragon often came to drink, and into this well he crept and waited patiently.

By-and-by the monster came as usual,

the water; the knight was ready.

And he hit him on the mouth.'

ust as Moore had expected. The dragon put his head over to get at

"And as he stooped low, he rose up and

Then the knight scrambled out of the

The gallant Moore won at last, giving his foe a kick that proved fatal, and the dragon of Wantley disappeared forever.

There is one more dragon I should like to tell you about, and then we will say "Good-bye" to the monsters.

Every one knows that St. George is the

patren saint of England, but I am not sure that every one knows the story of St. George, and how he came to be Eng-

land's patron; let me tell you.

Many hundreds of years ago there

was a young tribune (a Roman officer)

named George, who went from Cappa-docia to live in a town of Libya, in

Africa. Near this town there was a pond which

a terrible dragon had chosen for his home. We have been reading about fierce mon-

sters, but none was more fierce mon-sters, but none was more fierce than the cruel dragon which lived near Silene. He was as strong as he was cruel. In vain did the king send whole troops

of soldiers to destroy him; the breath

of the monster was enough to kill all

So the people made up their minds that they must let the dragon live in the pond, if only he would let them live

in the city. But dragons must eaf, as well as other creatures; and sometimes he would make an excursion to the walls of Silene in search of food, poisoning

every one who came within reach of

"We must stop these visits, or make them as short as possible," said the peo-ple. "Let us always prepare his meal

So two sheep were put ready for the monster each day. He took them and

monster each day. He took them and left the people in peace, but the stock of sheep became exhaustd in time, and

to decide what was to be done next.
"It cannot be helped," they said, "some of us must die in order to save the whole

city. A man and a beast must be given to the monster every day, and we must

draw lots. Whomsoever the lot may fall upon, let him not mureur

the only child of the king.
"Take my money, take my jewels,"
take half my kingdom!" he cried, "but

spare my daughter from this awful death!"

given up our children without a murmur; why should we spare yours?"

The King wept, and begged that they would at all events give the princess eight days to prepare for death. His request was granted; but at the end of

the time they came back to the palace, and he was no more willing to part with

"Why do you sacrifice us for your sughter?" cried the people angrily

daughter?" cried the people angrily "We are all dying before the breath of

this monster."
"Let me go, dear father," said the

princess. "Only first give me your blessing;" them without a murmur, the brave girl went to the lake. On her way thith-

er she met the young man named George, who hal lately come to live at Silene.

"Good sir," she answered, "mount your horse quickly and flee, or you will perish

the matter," he cried.

Then the princess told him all about the horrible dragon.

"Fear nothing," cried George. "In the name of Christ I will deliver you."

The princess begged him with tears in her eyes to leave her to her fate, but he would not like."

such fury that it went right through the

round the creature, and we will lead him to the town."

Well might the people tremble as they saw the monster approaching. George, however, called to them to have no fear.

but to watch him while he cut off the

Now, lady," he said, "tie your girdle

the matter," he cried.

Why are you weeping, gentle maiden?"

I will not go without hearing what is

"No, no!" cried the people. "We have

of a good citizen to die for his country So with sorrow, day after day, they gave up themselves and their sons or daughters. At last the lot fell upon

on, let him not murmur. It is the duty

the frightened citizens held a meeting

who went near him.

his breath.

Some strange, outlandish hedgehog."

Each cow, each horse, each hog,

READING FOR CHILDREN.

SELECTIONS FOR THEIR ENJOY-MENT AND PROFIT.

Four Full Columns Devoted to the Little Folks...The Weekly Story-Editor's Letter-More Puzzles to Solve.

December.

December's come, and with her brought world in whitest marble wrought, The trees, and fence, and all the posts Stand motionless, and white as ghosts; ad all the paths we used to know Are hidden in the drifts of snow.

December brings the longest night, And cheats the day of half its light, No song-bird breaks the perfect hush, No meadow brook with liquid gush Runs telling tales in babbling rhyme Of liberty and summer time;

But frozen in its icy cell, Awaits the sun to break the spell. Breathe once upon the window glass, And see the mimic mists that pass— Fantastic shapes that go and come

December Santa Claus shall bring-Of happy children happy king-Who with his sleigh and reindeer stops

At all good people's chimney-tops. Then, let the bolly red be hung And all the sweetest carols su While we with joy remember them-The journeyers to Bethlehem, Who followed, trusting from afar,

The guidance of that happy star Which marked the spot where Christ was

Long years ago, one Cristmas morn.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Dragon of Wantley.

ad this description of him, and judge for 'yourselves:

"This dragon had two furious wings, Each one upon each shoulder; With a sting in his tail as long as a flail, Which made him bolder and bolder.

Four-and-forty teeth of iron; With a hide as tough as any buff, Which did him round environ."

ster was as crusi as he was ugly. There is a picture of him in one of the books in the British Museum, in which he is represented crunching up one monk with those "teeth of iron," and stamping on another, while a timid king is holding up his hands in helpless actuals have.

his hands in helpless astonishment.

But before we go any further I may as well tell you where Wantley is. Close to Sheffield there is a place called Wharn-cliffe, and that is supposed to have been the home of this monster, Wharncliffe having been turned into Wantley by con-stant repetition. Here the dragon lived, in a hedge close to the hillside, coming out whenever he felt hungry, which seem to have been pretty often:

"Devoured he poor children there That could not with him grapple, And at one sup he ate them up As a man would eat an apple." This was bad enough, but there was

worse still to follow: "All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat-Some say he ate up trees, And that the forest, sure, he would

Devour by degrees.
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys:

He ate all, and left none behind." Regular nonense verses they sound, do they not? But, of course, they are all true—at least, as true as any other fairy

Well, things went on in this way till the poor people of Wantley began to feel that they really could not bear it any longer. There was a very flerce and very brave knight living close at hand, and some of

knight living close at hand, and some of the wisest men thought that they might perhaps get him to kill the monster. "The worst of it is," said one, "Moore of Moore Hall seems to be nearly as fur-lous as the dragon himself. Do you re-member his swinging that great horse by his mane and tall?"

"Ay, ay, that we do!" was the answer; and then some one added, in a soleme.

and then some one added, in a solemn whisper: 'Didn't he eat him all up, too, except his head?"

I don't suppose people in those days talked about jumping out of the frying-pan lato the fire, but if they did, I om sure some one must have proposed at that meeting that they ought to be care-ful lest in their anxiety to get rid of monster, they fell into the clutches

surface of the water, wondering perhaps why his breakfast was so late. Once more the maiden appealed to the knight. But, nevertheless, when a day or two afterward some more children had been devoured by the dragon, a crowd of men, women, and children, went sighing and sobbing to the knight's house; "Go, go, while there is time!"
"Never!" he cried, and, with a prayer to Heaven, he brandished his lance with

"Oh, save us all, Moore of Moore Hall, Thou peerless knight of these woods; Do but slay this dragon, who wont leave

We'll give the all our goods."

"No, no," said the knight; "I do not

"No. no." said the knight; "I do not want any reward. But I must first so to Shellield, and have some strong armor made with long spikes all over it; then I will, fight the dragon for you."

"What sword will you have, Sir Knight?" they inquired, anxiously.

"None at all, good people. I will fight him with my feet and hands alone."

Well, might the people groan with fear. To go without a weapon against such a monster as the dragon of Wantley! There was not much chance of success, they thought. But they changed their minds whan they saw the knight return but to watch him while he cut off the head of their enemy.

So the dragon was killed, and the King and his daughter, with twenty thousand of their subjects, were baptized; and George was honored as a seint.

It was not till the year 1349 that he became the patron saint of England, and this was how that happened:

King Edward the Third was besieging Calais, and did not seem likely to succeed. At last he drew his sword, and shouted:

"Ha! Saint Edward; Ha! Saint George."

as he rushed to meet the French.

The English soldiers were roused to

fresh spirit, and succeeded in defeating man's Christian name. 4. To consume. fresh spirit, and succeeded in defeating their enemies and taking the city. From that day onward, instead of Ed-ward the Confessor, St. George has been the patron saint of England.—Exchange.

The Violin Player.

He plays as the passers hurry In the pulse of the early day. Plays! — as the children scamper In heedlessness on their way. Plays! as the swift hours carry The heart of the day along. With his weary form on the curb-stone And the soul of his youth in the song. - as the children scamper

What do they know of his playing? A merry or mournful air! But ah! what memories are swaying His heart as he fiddles there: There are scenes of early childhood, A mother beside the door! A bird that trills from the wild-wood; Himself-a child once more!

You may pass in your pride and splendor Untouched by the music's throes, But there lives a joy to the fiddler That only the fiddle knows!

A favorite article of food in Chinabut it is a luxury—is a well fattened dog. A particular species is reared for the table. It is a small dog of a greyhound shape, with large tufts of hair in front of its ears, but with a muzzle much more elongated than in terriers. The skin is almost destitute of hair, with the ex-ception of the tufts on the head already spoken of, and a large tuft on the tail. It has been said that so long have these dogs been bred for the purpose of being eaten that they have an hereditary aversion to butchers! The flesh of black dogs is preferred to that of animals of another color on account of the greater amount of nutriment it is supposed to

The Toilet in Turkey.

Most of the Turkish ladies, even the prettiest, paint and plaster themselves in a deplorable fashion. With rose and rice powder they make their cheeks a lively white and red; while carmine paste deep ens the line of their lips, and cosmetics darken their eye-brows. With antimony powder, they touch up their eyelids, so as to add brilliancy and intensity to their gaze. They also chew mastic, which strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath, while dving their finger nails and even the palms of their hands with hen-

Editor's Weekly Letter,

Dear Children,-You are, one and all, ooking forward with eagerness, I know to Christmas-Day, now so very close at hand, in anticipations of the gifts good Santa Claus is to bestow, and of the

general jollity of the season.

Do not forget, however, that the Christwell, and what a fight there was! It lasted two whole days and one night. mas time's true lesson is not the happi-ness which comes from receiving anymore than the joy which results from giving, in gratefulness for that wondrous gift found nineteen hundred years ago, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a

Cordially. YOUR EDITOR.

Our Prize Fuzzles.

These puzzles will appear weekly. Once a month we will publish at the head of this column a picture of the boy or girl sending to this office the greatest number of correct answers to the puzzles which have appeared during the month; or we will give to the winner any one of the books or articles mentioned below which books or articles mentioned below which may be selected. Any single work by any of the following authors: Charles Dickens, J. Fenimore Cooper, Charles Reade, Sir Walter Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Miss Mu-lock, Louisa M. Alcott, F. Marion Craw-J. Fenimore Cooper, Charles Reade, Sir Walter Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Miss Mulock, Louisa M. Alcott, F. Marion Crawford, W. D. Howells, Jane G. Austin: "Vanity Fair," or "Henry Esmond." by W. M. Thackeray; "Adam Bede," or "Mill or the National Control of the Surrey hills," and then, with a voice that rose and fell, and often grew husky and unsteady, he told me of the last watch by the bedside of the bedside of thousands of fellow on the Surrey hills," and then, Goethe has been named as a model of healthy scepticism. But hear him, near the close of life, say in his conversations with Ekc rian: "Hyppiness is but a dream; misery only is real." "I have allowed by the bedsides of thousands of fellow on the Surrey hills," and then, healthy scepticism. But hear him, near the close of life, say in his conversations with Ekc rian: "Hyppiness is but a dream; misery only is real." "I have allowed by the bedsides of thousands of fellow on the Surrey hills," and then, healthy scepticism. But hear him, near the close of life, say in his conversations of the bedsides of thousands of fellow on the Surrey hills," and then, healthy scepticism. But hear him, near the close of life, say in his conversations of the bedsides of thousands of fellow on the Surrey hills," and then, healthy scepticism. But hear him, near the close of life, say in his conversations with Ekc rian: "Hyppiness is but a dream; misery only is real." "I have allowed the close of life, say in his conversations with Ekc rian: "Hypiness is but a dream; misery only is real." "I have allowed the close of life, say in his conversations and the close of life, say in his conversations and the close of life, say in his conversations and the close of life, say in his conversations and the close of life, say in his conversations and the close of life, say in his conversations and the close of life, say in his conversations and the close of life, say in his conversations and the close of life, say in his conversations and the close of life, say in his conversations and life w. M. Inackeray; Adam Bede, or Mill on the Floss," by George Elliot; "Prince and Pauper," or "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain; "All Aboard," and "Boat Club," by Oliver Optic; "Lorna Doone," Mark Twain; "All Aboard, and "soar Club," by Oliver Optic; "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Biackmore; "Nights with Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris; "Glo-vanni and the Others," by Mrs. H. F. Nami and the Others, by Mrs. H. F. Burnett; "Rudder Grange," by Frank R. Stockton; "An Humble Romance," by Mary E. Wilkins; "Next Door," by Clara Louise Burnham; "Boys" Own Out-Door Book," by G. A. Hutchinson; "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," by Jules Verne; "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carrol; "Ben by Lewis Carrol; Looking Glass," Hur," by Lew Wallace; "Fifteen Declsive Battles of the World," by E. S. Creasy, "North in Mexico," by Fred A. Ober; "Boyhood in Norway," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; or a volume of any one of the standard poets, or any one of the following articles: A box of water colors containing sixteen superior moist colors, tubes of Chinese white and sepia and four brushes; a set of boxwood chessmen; a small stationary steam engine; a league base ball; a fountain pen; or a box con and envelopes to match. Each answer

220_Buried Cities of Africa.

 By perusing the daily papers you will find that it is the best way to keep the mind enlightened. Soon Spring, with songster's music air of belmy perfume, will be with us. All the passengers on the cars seemingly enjoyed the trip, Olive and Jeannette especially.

4. We all saw the meteor of December, 1876, and the issue—"zodiacal light or celestial phenomena."

The parties request that the case be tried before the judges of justice, and that unison predominate. 6. The famine threatening India is to be, I doubt not, appalling.

221_Hourglass. xxxoxxx

Crosswords.—I. What the head of the weather bureau should be. 2. One who steals. 3. Of larger proportions. 4. Past events. 5. An animal that keeps very late hours. 6. A consonant made by the eth. 7. A epic poem of the Spaniards. A fine fish. 9. Used for heating a puse. 10. Infection. 11. Very small liv-

ing organism. The centrals name an interest which ociples much time and thought in every city and town.

222-Fign es and Wo d

Place 500 and "rit" so as to give what the housekeeper has constantly to fight. Place 5 and "hie," so as to give the ome of an insect. Place 100 and "lur," so as to make a

Place 1,000 and "kin" to make an ani-

Place 50 and "abck," so as to make oloriess. When found, take one letter from each word and make a part of the arm. 223_Triple Diamonds.

1. A vowel. 2. A short poem. 3. A man's Christian name. 4. A part of the head. 5. A consonant 1. A vower 2. A beverage, 8.

. A consonant.

III. 1. A consonant. 2. A poet. 3. A vowel. The central words of the three, taken together, give the name of a celebrated

in the following sentences find buried words that form an a crostic-definitions of the words are given below. The initials and finals taken together give the name of an early spring flower.

1. How do you like my cape? Arthur gave it to make the control of the gave it to me. 2. He brought it from Rome, Rome over

3. And I risked taking cold to come out in this shower. 4. For mamma left tasks to be done in an

Definitions.

My first is a fruit, both luscious and sweet; My second's in Shakspeare, a name you

My third is important to you and to me, Either flower, or an organ that helps us to see; My fourth, if you find it, will rhyme well And then my attempt at a puzzle will fail.

TENNYSON'S DEATH BED.

The Late Sir Andrew Clarke's Graphic Description-Secret of a Hale Old Age.

Lord Tentyson was dead; from Haslemere came confused runors that the death-bed scene had been of unearthly beauty, and that Sir Andrew, who had watched with his dying friend and patient through the whole of the last day and night, was on his way back to London. When I stepped out of my hansom at his door Sir Andrew drove up from the opposite direction, says a writer in the Westninster Gazette He could not see patients just then, the servant told me very politely. I wasn't a patient, I revery politely. I wasn't a patient, replied, and gave him my letter of introduction from the editor. Then I was
told Sir Andrew would see me presently.
I had to wait some time, and then he
himself came in full of apologies, and
ready to listen to my requests, "Come
along into my den," he said, very kindty; citor. Your editor is my editor, for yours 's the only evening paper I take regu-larly." This, by the way, was in the last days of the former incarnation of the Westminster Gazette.

'Now listen and I will tell you what I think that I may say," he said, as settled n the famous consulting-room. A rec dish light from the fire lit up the gloom of the dull, wet, autumn day, and in the perfect affence of the house Sir Andrew' count of that most wonderful of death-eds was almost as a story from another world. He looked very sad as he was sitting in front of his bureau, incessantly twisting a pencil between his firgers: but or one moment he brightened up, then ooked frowningly at me and said: "Do profession is considered an awful breach of etiquette." Then he got up, and in bitter disappointment I rose to go, with only sufficient courage left to say that

"Keep my hame out and then tell the world what I tell you, as far as words can ereatures," he said, " and have see very grand and solemn death-bed scenes magnetic power over his hearers—I have heard others, students, medical men, and private friends of his, often observe this midst of the autumn storms and rain, dawned over the word as the poet lay on his death-bed. One senfence I remember of the description which he then gave me. "The distant hills, shrouded in mists of perfect white, could be seen through the oriel window of the room where Tennyson lay like a piece of breathing marble." He went on to describe the night flooder with moonlight the perfect stillness, the dying man's request for his Shakspeare, and, "after that the dark," and then he rose again, and walked up and down the

"Sit still" he flundered, suddenly.
"Shall I tell you why Tennyson's death
was so peaceful? This is not to be put hat so peaceful? This is not to be put into the papers to-day. Probably it would not interest them to-day. But the secret is this: He lived a quiet, laborious, simple life. It is a secret which few men learn in time to profit by. I was friend before I was his physician. M physics drew us tegether. Gladstone, too, is deeply interested in that subject, and we all three agreed in our taste for a simple life and a life of work.

a simple life and a life of work.

"Half the disease of the generation is due to idleness. Idleness, the beginning of all evil. The mother of a pampered darling of a daughter sends to me. The girl alls, no one knows why, I am to come and prescribe. I know before I go what is the matter with the girl. "Go to your local medical man," I say, "he can manage the case very well." But no, it must be Sir Andrew, the grumpy Scot, and Sir Andrew prescribes long walks and less rich food, and regular meals and early rich food, and regular meals and early hours. Presently, when the young lady has regained her red checks and high spirits, they think I have performed a wonderful cure!

How the Doctor Lived,

"Now let me tell you how I myself have managed to live at all. I am sixty-six, Over thirty years ago, when I was a young of the London Hospital. The authorities there said: 'Oh, let us give the poor chap a chance. He is corrunptive; he won't last long. Let us, in pity, give him the post.' Well, I have outlived nearly every one of them. All my life I have been deleate; I have severa times here at death's door. I have severa times been at death's door, but by reason of a simple life and a life of work I have managed to get very close

of work I have managed to get very close to three-score years and ten."

I got up once more to take my leave. "Sit still," he commanded once more, as he put on his glasses and a professional air. "So you are one of those ladies who write? They tell me all the younger generation of women write and smoke Do you smoke? (with a terrible emphasis on the personal pronoun). "No, Sir Andrew, I don't." "You don't smoke? Look here, let me tell you one thing Don't! Don't." don't." "You don't smoke? Look here, let me tell you one thing. Don't! Don't!" I took my leave and jumped into my hansom; but I was recalled. "Come back! Make haste! Young woman, come back this moment!" Sir Andrew called after inc, and showed me again into his room. "I only want to tall you. "I only want to tell you one thing. If you breathe my name in connection with what I have teld you I'll-I'll haunt you. Now shake hands, and forgive a garrulous man for keeping you so long."

I never mentioned Sir Andrew's name at

the time in connection with the informa-tion. He sent his "Well done!" down to me when he saw my article, and that was the last I heard directly from him. But if the threat of haunting me for revealing who was our informant about Tennyson's death-bed scene was meant to be inde-finite then—but I do not think Sir Andrew went so far in his prohibition.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION

GATHERED FROM THE RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL PRESS.

Words of Wisdom on Religious and Moral Subjects, Which are Worthy Attention From the Thoughtful.

Hora Christl. (BY ALICE BROWN.)

Sweet is the time for joyous folk Of gifts and minstrelsy, Yet I, O, lowly-hearted One, Crave but Thy company.
On lonesome road, beset with dread,
My questing lies afar.
I have no light, save in the East
The gleaming of Thy star.

In cloistered aisles they keep to-day
Thy feast, O, living Lord!
With pomp of banner, pride of song.
And stately sounding word.
Mute stand the kings of power and place,
While priests of holy mind
Dispense Thy blessed heritage
Or peace to all mankind. Of peace to all mankind.

I know a spot where budless twigs Are bare above the snow, And where sweet winter-loving birds

Flit softly to and fro: There with the sun for altar-fire, The earth for kneeling-place,

The gentle air for chorister.

Will I adore Thy face.
Loud, underneath the great blue sky,

My heart shall paean sing. The gold and myrrh of meakest love Mine only offering. Bliss of Thy birth shall quicken me; And for Thy pain and dole Tears are but vain, so I will keep The silence of the soul.

-December Harper's.

The Nobility of Labor, The Saviour of mankind never con-ferred a greater temporal boon on mankind than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labor, and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation which had branded upon it. Before Christ appeared among men manual and even mechanical work was regarded as servile and degrading to the freeman of pagan Rome, and was consequently relegated to slaves. Christ is ushered into the world not amid pomp and splendor of imperial majesty, but amid the environments of an humble child amid the environments of an armose case of toil. He is the reputed son of an artisan, and his early manhood is spent in a mechanic's shop. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary". The primeval curse attached to labor is obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. Ever since He pursued His trade as a carpensive Health and the statements of the carpensisteness. and has shed a halo around the work-shop. If the profession of a general, a jurist, and a statesman is adorned by the example of a Washington, a Taney, and a Burke, how much more is the character of a workman ennobled by the example of Christ?—Cardinal Gibbons.

Gentleness is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect and that sout of speech which assure that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence, which, like the scented flame of an anabaster lamp, fills many a home with light and warmth, and fragrance altogether. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadtain, which from many a beloved form certainly if this was so I was sincerely sorry. In one second the frown turned into a gental smile, and with his hand on in a balmier dream. It is considerateness half its misery, and to which death comes my shoulder he said: "Sit still. I don't mind committing a breach of etiquette this time, but you must promise not to mention my name as your informant.

It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depths and all its delicacy. It is everything included in that matchless grace, the gentleness of Christ."-James Hamilton, D. D.

The Misery of Unbelief, nothing but labor and trouble, and I may well say that in my seventy-fifth year ould enjoy life."
Hear Strauss confess to the awful

Hear Strates confess to the awaii condition of man, when the existence of God and providence is denied:—"The giving up of faith in a Divine Providence is certainly one of the most sentitive tosses that can befull man."

Hear Humboldt: "I despise humanity."

in all its strata. I foresee that our pos-terity will be far more unhapty than we

of unbounded misery and wretchedness existence is a blunder and crime, and "not to be, is infinitely better than to be." -Christian Thought.

God knows me better than I know my self. He knows my weaknesses-what self. He knows my weaknerses—what can do and cannot do. So I desire to bled, to follow Him, and I am quite sur that He will thus enable me to do a grea deal more in ways which seem to b almost a waste in life, advancing Hi cause, than I could in any other way, am sure of that, intellectually, I am week; in scholarship, rothing, in a thousand things a baby. He knew this and wend things a baby. He knew this and we and things, a baby. He knew this, and self-e has led me and greatly blossed me who am nobody, to be of some use to my Church and fellow-men. How kind, good, how compassionate, art thou, O O my Father, keep me humble! Help m to have respect for my fellow-men, t recognize these several gifts as from the Deliver me from the diabolical sins o mailce, envy, or jealousy, and give m hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts, and talents; and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ, God hear my prayer! Grant me the wondrous joy of humiliation, which is seeing thee all in all!-Norman Macleod's Diary.

The Truly Great Man.

I believe the first test of a truly grea man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power or hesi tation in speaking his opinions, but right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say and the rest of the world's doing and sayings. All great men not only know their own business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opin-ions, but usually know that they are, only they do not think much of themselves of that account. They do not expect the fellow-men to fall down and worship the lesinow-men to fail down and worship them they have a curious under-sense of power lessness, feeling that the greatness is no in them, but through them; that the could not do or be anything else than Go made them. And they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful. They do their work feeling that they cannot help it; the story must be told, the effect put down; if peo ple like it, well and good; and if not, the will not be much the worse.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Regarding News In the Churches a Large.

The Christian Endeavor Society has is rued a leaflet ruggesting three practical efforts which the societies may make during the coming year in the interests of good citizenship, enlarged giving to missions at home and abroad through the missionary boards, and the enlargement

of the fellowship of young disciples. In the line of good citizenship all members who have a vote and can vote are urged to go to the primaries of the party to which they belong and so far as possible secure the nomination of only honest, clean men. It is also urged that every one who can vote should vote; that special meetings be held for the consideration of the claims of good citizenship, eration of the claims of good citizensup, sometimes devoting regular meetings to this purpose. In case of special exigency it should be possible for different societies and members belonging to different parties to unite to secure the election parties to unite to secure the election of good men. With regard to the enlargement in systematic and proportionate giving the Rev. A. A. Fulton's plan of two cents a week is urged strongly, with the expressed hope that it will develop into a two dollars-a-week plan. Looking forward to the time when the present members of the Endeavor Societies shall be earning their own income, a calcula-tion is made that probably one-fifth of the 1,600,000 Endeavorers have a regular income of not less than \$500 a year. Allowing, however, only 300,000 earning that sum, one-tenth would be \$15,000,000, three times as much as the missionary societies received last year. The enlargement of Endeavor followship is present that of Endeavor fellowship is pressed most earnestly, but as there are few places where there are all the societies that can be advantageously formed, the offer of banners and diplomas is made to an additional stimulus that may

tuting a comparison of the different granches of the Presbyterian church— North, South, and Canadian-with regard to the number of theological students in the seminaries connected with them. lents, with 243 graduates; in the South 100 students with 50 graduates; in Canada 235 students with 75 graduates. Calculating the membership of the Northern church as \$50,000; the Southern as 188,000, and the Canadian 180,000, it shows that in the North there is one student for every 326 of the membership; in Canada, one in every 706, and in the South one in every 1,175. The graduates number one for every 2,500 of the membership in the North every 2,000 of the membership in the North and in Canada, and in the South one in every 3,760. Looking into the investments at the North each student has the advantage of \$9.288, in Canada, \$4,687, and at the South \$4,212. The Observer makes these statements a basis of an earnest appeal for Christian liberallity and greater interest in the line of theological education, claiming that upon it depends very largely the power and success of

The Christian Observer has been insti-

Church in Scotland does not go on alto-gether smoothly. Not long since the rep-resentative of one of the presbyteries undertook to serve a vacancy edict in connection with a church whose minister and several members had joined the session party. On reaching the church cession party. On reaching the church this representative was met by a body of seceders who stopped his way and continued shouting in order to drown his voice and prevent him from reading the edict. He then appealed to the county authorities for protection for himself and others in carrying out the orders of the

It is announced that the Mildmay Mission to the Jews is about to receive some \$25,000 from a bequest, and that the sum will be expended in distributing New Testaments and Christian literature to Jews all the world over Jews all the world over.

Earnestness. If I do what I may in earnest, I need not mourn if I work no great work on the earth. To help the growth of a thought that struggles toward the light, to brush with gentle hand the earth stain from the

bition.-George Macdonald.

HOW TO SAY HAWAII, Information on a Timely Subject by ene Who Knows.

"How do you pronounce the name of the Island Kingdom which wants to be annexed to the United States?" was a frement question recently. The mest comlong, as in "pine." The question was once asked of a high-caste Hawaiian lads well educated in her own and the English language. She arswered:

no letter or combination of letters which takes the sound of 'w' as in English. The missionaries who first translated our broad, as you pronounce it in 'fail,' and our 'l' is like the English 'e.' The rule is to pronounce every vowel, and as the exception to the rule does not affect the double 'l' in Hawaii you will see that the word is 'Hah-vah-e-e.'

These are the twelve letters of the Hawalian language, with their pronunciation: A (sh), e (a), I (e), o (oh), h (hay), k (kay), I (lah), m (moo), n (roo), p (pay), v (vay). There is no sound of "I," as in the English language, except where "ai" fellows "w," or, as the Hawaiian lady would insist, "v." There is a great differwould hast, v. There is a great unter-ence in the language as spoken by the high and low caste Hawaitars. The low caste speak with a succession of explo-sive, staccato gutturnis; the high caste with a liquid flow that makes it a beautiul language. The insistence upon the "v" nstead of the "w" scund is considered, ven by some of the educated, and all

SEEN IN A DREAM. The Roots That Were to Cure a Boy of

Lockjaw A remarkable story is agitating the community of Savannah, Mo., near St. Joseph. Sometime last June, Thomas, the eleven-year-old son of a farmer named Alexander Glipin, was stricken with rheu-matism of the right side and leg. The pain was so severe that his parents were obliged to keep anything from touching the body or limb. Doctors could do nothing to stop the pain, which became so severe that the boy had lockjaw. On Thursday he fell into what seemed to be a trance, and could not be oroused for

some hours. When he was finally awak-

ened, being unable to talk, he wrote on a piece of paper to his parents that he had seen his two little dead broth-ers and sister. He said they had told him to send to a

certain field and at a particular place to scrape away the snow until they would find a bed of moss, and under this a The doubting parents yielded to his entreaties, and going to the place, found everything as the boy had stated. They brought the roots home, and the boy told them how he had been instructed to prepare an ointment with them. The ointment was made and applied to the seat of pain, the result being that the next day the boy left his bed and all traces of lockjaw disappeared. He can now

walk as well as ever.

These facts are vouched for by O. J.
Huriry, editor of the Savannah Democrat, the physicions, and all of Gilpin's

Ralph Waldo Emerson tsed to lecture before lyceums occasionally, but he dis-liked to travel for the purpose, and was not much inclined to accept invitations even to towns within easy distance of his Concord home. One of the last lec-tures of the kind that he delivered was tures of the kind that he delivered was given in Cincinnati. He was much averse to going there and declined the first invitation, but finally to much importunity, he replied: "Tell them I will go for \$500 and my expenses." The price named he thought so extravagant as to insure a speedy refusal of the terms, and he was much surprised when the telegraph brought back a prompt acceptance, and he found himself comnelled tance, and he found himself compelled

A WOMAN TIGER-KILLER. Unusual Hunting Experiences of an Offi

clai's Wife in India. Mrs. A. W. Salmon, wife of an officer in the East Indian police, thus told a

San Francisco Examiner reporter how she shot a ten-foot tiger in the Nilgherry Hills, of the Madras district: "Several hunting parties went out, but a single tiger could be found, and ther

the excitement began to die down. The birthday of one of the gentlemen was celebrated by a picnic to a spot on the banks of the Pycarra River, about twelve miles from the sanitarium, where we intended staying a week.

"The camp, which consisted of seven tents, was set up in the wildest spot imaginable, and we had a very pleasant time until the fourth day, when Captain Rays, who went out gunning with an-other gentleman, had the misfertune to fall into a hullah and injure himself so badly that he could not get out. "His companion hurried back to camp for assistance and, as the scene of the accident was not more than half a mile

from the camp, all the gentlemen went along, leaving the ladies in care of a couple of men-servants.
"Thinking that hot water might be required when Captain Rays was brought to camp one of the ladles sent Anthony one of the servants, to the river more than one hundred yards away to fill a water jar. A few moments after the servant had started we were

startled by a wild cry for help and then all was quiet again.
"Thinking the man had been attacked by a jackal I seized my heaviest gun and ran down the path toward the river. The low brush hid everything from my sight until I had reached a point about twenty yards from the river, and there I saw something that make a many something that all was quiet again. I saw something that made me tremble

Death of the Tigress.

"There on the bank of the river lay poor Anthony, and by his side, licking the blood from her paws, was a big tigress. For a few moments the sight fairly froze my blood, and then a sense I should be the next victim filled m

elfa in my hand, and then came a will desire to try my skill with the tigress as

a target.
"All thought of what the result would be should I shoot and miss or only wound he should I shoot and miss or only wound the big man-eater fled from my mind as I saw the terrible brute pick up the bedy of the servant and after taking a few steps put it down again and eagerly lick the blood that flowed from the wounds made by its sharp, cruel teeth.

"As gently as possible I drew back the hammer and raised the rifle to my shoulder, and taking aim directly at the "As the report rang out it weemed to me as if a score of hungry tigers aprang at me from every bush and rock, but this passed away in an instant, and after reloading the rifle I took a look at the

She was still stretched beside the body of the man, but the powerful limbs were motionless, and the head was resting on "That I had killed the animal at the

as fast as I could, but the first shot had settled the business.

"Upon making sure that the animal was dead I turned to walk back to the tents, when I heard the scream of a tiger cat, which seemed to come from some brush a short distance up the river.

Her Nerves Were Like Steel. "I am perhaps very foolish to say it but I don't think a dozen there could have frightened me just then, and I at once started toward the spot from where the cries came.

a close search, during which roughing in the grass and eyeing to a f waiting for me to get a little close f was then rather too close for calfort, and I quickly raised the ride and

"The cub was facing me and the bullet glanced from its forchead and only

rushing for me as I expected it to do it began to walk away.

"This gave me a good show at its side, and I fired again. The tiger fell, rese, and then tried to rush at me, but its strength was gone, and before it had taken half a dozen steps it sank to the

taken haif a dozen steps it sank to the ground and rolled over on its side.

"The noise of the shooting was heard by my husband, who hurried back to camp, wondering what was the matter. Learning from the other ladies that I had gone out alone and that the shooting had taken place down near the river.

he hurried down and met me on the way.

"He was fairly horrified when I pointed to the dead cub and could hardly believe his eyes, but when I told him the mother had killed Anthony and that her body and that of our poor servant were lying on the bank of the river ha was speechless with surprise

f have been watching a boy who is going to grow up into a third and a rowdy, and while watching him I have born and how rowdy life is developed in these big cities that compose New York I suppose this little boy is eleven of twelve years old. He is small of age a wizen-faced, little-eyed, stuated rat of a child, with leathery skin, and the com-plexion of a drumhead. He lives on a route along which I often walk, between my house and my office, and my after-tion was first called to him by an ex-traordinary act of violence that be committed upon his mother. She ran screaming out of her tenement apartments into the streets, to her face and a knot of women its ing after her. She screamed somethic about her need of water, and a great deabout her need of water, and her fear its more about her eyes and her fear that she was blinded. The women hustled her into the courtyard behind the barracks where she lived, and began to deluge her face with water from a running

hydrant.
Little by little it came out that h Little by little it came out that her boy. Tommy, had come home and domanded ten cents, that he might go to a dime museum "wid de gang." She ad not have the money or did not propose to give it to him, and he became angry, and filling both hands with red pepper, rubbed the stuff into both her eyes before she suspected what he was about or could prevent the act. Tommy came down while the women were doctoring his mother, and lurked at a distance, look mother, and lurked at a distance, look

mother, and lurked at a distance, looking on.

Suspecting that he might not find favor in their eyes, should any of them see him. Tommy armed himself with an under-sized cobble stone. They did see him, and brandished their great hig arms at him, and called him a choice lot of names. He, in turn, exhibited his bit of paving stone menacingly and remarked, "Lemme alone, or I'll split you wid dis, see." An Irish cobbler took the child, not very roughly, by the shoulder, and told him he was a bad boy, and would never be satisfied until he found himself in jall. "A-a-ah, rats!" said the little street urchin. "If de ole woman don't do de square t'ing by me, I'll de her up cold, and den dey kin take me to hell if dey want to."—Providence Journal.

The city of Dallas, Texas, wishes to celebrate its semi-centennial, but finds difficulty in determining the exact date of its beginning. Its people know that James Neely Bryan went there from Tennessee in 1811 and put up a tent. Two other "settlers" went there in 1842, but the number of pioneers was not big enough to give Dallas any urban airs enough to give Dallas any urban airs until 1841 or 1815. People who want the celebration hurried up say a "community" was established there in 1844 and they ought to sicrify it next year.

to go.